

Religious Intelligence.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

No. 15.

NEW-HAVEN, SEPTEMBER 3, 1821.

VOL. VI.

SANDWICH MISSION.

From the Missionary Herald.

EXTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF THE MISSIONARIES.

(Continued from page 179)

Oct. 11, 1821. Dr. Holman and his wife went on board the brig Ann, Capt. Hale, and sailed for Attooi, where they are doubtless, anxiously expected every hour. Capt. H. is now bound towards Boston, via Canton. We sent by him a packet of letters to our friends, directed to the care of Mr. Evarts.—We hope to have opportunity, at least as often as once in three months, to make direct communications to the American Board.

Capt. H. left us two sticks of timber, pine and cypress, brought from the N. W. coast.

20. How frail are earthly hopes; and how feeble is our tie to temporal comforts. "This is not your rest" is written on all earth can boast; and the thatched walls of our spider's-web habitations speak to us emphatically the same language. Last evening we retired to rest with our usual quietude and security, and in a state more settled and comfortable than ordinary. At 5 o'clock the family were roused from their slumbers, by the alarm of fire. We had been taught to expect that a fire in our "straw houses," as they are often called, could not be easily extinguished; and that, in case of fire, the natives would consider it lawful, as it was customary, to plunder as much as they could. The fire had broken out in Honooree's house, where Dr. Williams, the wounded seaman, and waiting lad, were lodged. The flame had spread nearly over one end, and was rapidly spreading over the roof. The wind was light and in a direction to expose the other buildings but little. In 20 minutes, by the blessing of God, the flames were extinguished. Several native men came seasonably to our assistance. The wounded man was removed to the house of Mr. Chamberlain. Dr. W.'s trunk, books, apparel, bedclothes, &c, were, during the fire, removed a little distance from the house, from which some native females pilfered a few articles. One of them to-day, being reminded of the impropriety of stealing, and especially in the time of such a calamity, brought back her part of the stolen goods, though she pleaded, as a full justification of her crime, the long con-

tinued custom of the country. The others, who were known to be present, and who doubtless shared in the booty, maintained that they had taken nothing.

The frame of the house suffered little damage, and the thatching destroyed on the end and roof has been replaced to-day. God was exceedingly merciful to us. A little increase of the wind, which had been strong in the former part of the night, but was now light, would probably have baffled all our efforts to extinguish the flames; and then a change in its direction might have laid our little missionary establishment in ashes.

21. This is the season, called by the natives Muckehute, the anniversary of the grand taboo, which has sometimes continued 40 days, and heretofore been celebrated by special sacrifices to the gods, and by games of boxing. Not unfrequently the altars of abomination smoked, on these occasions, with the blood of human victims. Very little attention is now paid to this season, which formerly occupied the time and thoughts of the natives, 5 or 6 weeks. We were told, that the young chief, Tamahamaha, 2nd, nephew of the late king, and now governor *pro. tem.* of this place, intended to have a game of boxing to-day: but it was omitted. He says, "I no like it to fight." A game commenced two days ago, and a boy was hurt by a blow from a man, which displeased the chief. Should Christianity prevail, this celebration will cease entirely.

In digging a well, by the side of our cooking-house, Mr. Chamberlain found good water, in a bed of coral, about seven and a half feet below the surface of the ground, having dug through about three feet of rich soil, and three feet of a kind of cinder, and into the coral 15 or 18 inches. The coral is composed, in part, of sea-shells; or rather sea shells and sand are incorporated in the mass and petrified, being firmly connected with the more porous parts of the coral. It is probable that the surf of the sea once rolled here, as it does now about a mile from this place. The cinder, which lies upon the coral, was thrown out by a volcanic eruption from the hill, about a mile back of us. This hill is concave on the top, and from its curious shape, has taken the name of "Punch-bowl-hill." The whole plain on which we live, about 15 miles in length and two in breadth, appears to be but a few feet above the level of the

sea; and were the tides to rise here, as in many places, on the eastern side of the American continent, we might expect the waves now to reach our very doors.

23. The Thaddeus, Capt. Blanchard, and the ship Volunteer, Capt. Bennett, arrived from the N. W. coast, having spent a few days at Owhyhee. The crew of the Thaddeus are in good health.

24. Captains Blanchard and Bennett visited the school, and heard a class read intelligibly one of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns. This class had begun with the alphabet of a new language, since the sailing of the Thaddeus from this place, only 5 months ago. The gentlemen favoured us with their company at tea, and with some important information from the coast. They visited Norfolk Sound, where is a small Russian settlement, a fort, a church, and a school under the care of two competent instructors, and open for the reception of native youths along the coast.

The time is doubtless approaching, when the rude and barbarous, and long neglected inhabitants of the dreary N. W. coast, will be enlightened with science and Revelation, and be brought under the peaceful sceptre of Jesus. A desire for instruction begins to be manifested among them. Two or three sprightly boys applied to Capt. Bennett to be taken on board his ship, and carried away to some place of the world, where they could be instructed. Some of the savages when they heard of missionaries being sent to teach the Sandwich Islanders, inquired why they were not sent to them.

There is a young female from the N. W. coast now in this village, brought hither to save her life, having been a prisoner and devoted to death; and one young man, who has once or twice been at our house; but neither have yet attended the school. A letter from brother Loomis by Capt. Bennett mentions, that he has one fine N. W. boy under his instruction at Toeaigh.

26. Specimen of the production of the Islands. Though we dare not yet speak of the yams of Oonehow, *a fathom long*, we can say, that we have in our possession two potatoes which together weigh 18 pounds and three quarters, one of which measured 15 inches in length. Mr. G. lately took the weight of a potatoe brought from Owhyhee, which was 17 lbs. These are *sweet potatoes*. Other kinds raised here are small.

27. Several men and women of distinction visited the school, and expressed a general approbation. Some believed, and some doubted, the truth of the scriptural doctrine

taught. Every day we have more or less spectators, from 10 to 40 in number, to witness our interesting school. They seem generally pleased with the order and regularity which appears, and often, with their heads crowding at the windows and doors, listen, with a kind of admiration, to hear the school recite in concert, their religious lessons at the close; while they seem to say, "We would know what these things mean."

29. An interesting youth was added to the Sabbath school, who understands our language considerably, and desires to be taught the art of reading and the knowledge of Christ. Thus God continues to us the blessing of his grace, the means of usefulness, health, peace, competence and favour with the people, among whom we dwell.

3. Received from on board the Thaddeus 1300 bricks provided in Boston to accommodate us with ovens, fire-places, &c., a box of window glass, a box of small cheap looking-glasses and lamps, a sack of wearing apparel, &c. Mr. Bingham made a short visit on board, and was politely received. Capt. Blanchard presented him a hat from the N. W. coast, and two beautiful Russian table cloths, which he received from the Governor of the settlement at Norfolk Sound.

Tamahamaha 2d with his noisy train visited the school this afternoon. He is quite young: appears somewhat affable, is exceedingly fond of amusements, seems hardly willing to submit to the drudgery of learning though he can readily sketch a view of the harbor with a pen, and dexterously write, with a staff upon the ground, the name of what Thomas Hopoo calls one of the remaining idols of Owhyhee, "*Rum*." We have made repeated efforts to induce him to give his attention to study, but with little apparent effect. It is said that William Tennooe, who associates with him, tells him it would be of no use to attend our school.

Sabbath, 5. Public worship in the morning attended by a larger assembly than usual. Capt. Blanchard, three of his officers, who appear serious and particularly friendly to the mission, and most of the crew of the Thaddeus, were present. Brother Thurston preached to them last Sabbath at Kirooah. We still have reason to hope, that one of the mates really passed from death unto life, on his passage from Boston to this place. Two of the other officers give increasing evidence of abiding seriousness.

Our Sabbath school, learning the commandments in course, took the ninth this afternoon; and, with five minutes atten-

tion, were able to repeat it in concert, in their own tongue; so that we have no reason to fear they will lose it. Captains Blanchard and Bennett, who were present, were surprised to see with what facility they commit to memory one of the commandments, which children in America often find it so difficult to learn. This evening enjoyed a very pleasant conference at the house of H. Holmes. The story of the prodigal son was read, interpreted, and applied. Sally J. said, "she had some fears about her soul; she had been so bad, that she did not think she could go to heaven; she had for several days thought much about it, and she lay awake many hours in the night to think what she must do." She was told that God would forgive the greatest sinners, if they were sorry for their sins, and would love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ. After the meeting, she said, "I thank Mr. Bingham for his instructions, and I thank all the missionaries for coming here to tell us about God and the right way to heaven." She appears evidently to be under the operation of that Spirit, who *convince of sin*. May that Spirit bring her to Christ for righteousness and salvation.

6. The first class in the school began with Watts's catechism, which they can understand tolerably well, and with which they seem interested. Sally J. said, on receiving a copy of it, "I feel thankful for any thing that will tell me what to do." A pleasant youth, who has been several days in the school, pleaded hard to be taken into the family. He has heard that learning is a good thing, and he desires to get learning, and wishes to know more about the great God; but he says, if he comes to school, his master, who is a native mechanic, will not give him any thing to eat, and his parents live on a distant part of the island. It is an interesting question, whether we should be warranted in our present circumstances, and in the present state of the funds of the Board, to increase the expenses of the establishment by feeding and clothing this promising young man, who pleads with great earnestness for admission to our table, and has laboured industriously to-day to earn his bread. Many of those, under our instruction, have drawn largely upon the stock of garments furnished by the Christian public for our heathen scholars. We have 12 now, in this branch of the mission family, dependant on us for food and clothing, who eat at our table, attend with us the morning and evening sacrifice, are instructed in the school 6 hours a day, and are taught the principles of Christianity and

the usages of civilized life. Three of them are orphans, their fathers, who were foreigners, being dead.

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE

WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT.

(Continued from page 212.)

In this place there is an interruption in the narrative, occasioned by the loss of several pages of the original. It appears from what follows that a youth by the name of Charlton had been introduced into the drama, and young Wilton had been brought home from school with a dangerous sickness.

We think the reader will find much useful instruction on several points as he advances, though dressed in a simple garb; and we hope our young readers especially will be influenced to double their diligence in the delightful task of teaching the poor and the ignorant to read the word of God: and as they read we hope all will be taught by the Holy Spirit, like these poor creatures, that they must be *born again*.

All was suspense and anxiety respecting young Wilton. An awful stillness prevailed in and around his chamber, and gloom prevailed every countenance. To the eager and repeated inquiries concerning his state, the reply of the nurse was, "*much the same as before—he is quite insensible*." Afraid to entertain hope, and yet dreading the result, the tender father continued to pace the room and sighed and groaned; while the equally distressed mother frequently crept to the door and cast an anxious look upon her beloved child, rendered still dearer to her by the prospect of losing him.

Three lingering days had passed away, without any favourable change. One morning Charlton entered Mr. Wilton's room, and requested permission to introduce a stranger. "You require consolation," said he to the afflicted parents, "and there is a gentleman below stairs, who has called to inquire for your son. It is the Rev. Mr. Everton, who has recently come to this parish; he seems to be interested in your son's recovery, will you allow me to conduct him to you?" "If you please Mr. Henry," said Mrs. Wilton, "the visit of a clergyman is *always acceptable*." "Yes, pray desire him to walk up," added her husband—"if we ever wanted *spiritual* advice, it is *now*." (weeps.)

Mr. Everton soon entered the room. "Excuse," said he, "the visit of a stranger,

but I am a *father*, and have learned to sympathize with the afflicted—I too *had* a son, an amiable, promising youth—but—— and he raised his handkerchief to receive the falling tears——“but God took him from me—*The will of the Lord be done!*”

Mrs. W.—O dear Sir, *We* find it hard to submit—Providence *appears* to deal hardly with us.

Rev. Mr. E.—Madam, the LORD's ways are not our ways. He afflicts in mercy and designs our real good. And although he sometimes appears to act *severely*, he is always *full of compassion*.

Mr. W.—Ah Sir! believe God has long been *angry* with us. I have not done my duty towards HIM. Indeed, I have thought more of my *child* than of my God. That dear boy himself has often put me to shame—he prayed to the Almighty and read his Bible, but alas! alas! I have done neither—(*claspings his hands*,) Lord have mercy upon me—pardon my sins, and save my dear child!

Rev. Mr. E.—Happy am I, dear Sir, that your mind is thus disposed. We are all *great sinners*, but, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is a *great Saviour*, and those who *seek* his grace shall find and enjoy it.

Mrs. W.—We have thought more of religion and eternity since we have been sick than we ever thought of them before; for, although we took the sacrament regularly, and maintained a reputable character and relieved the poor, yet *I* never felt any thing like what my dear child expresses in his letter—Do my dear Mr. Wilton show this gentleman Stephen's letter.

Mr. W.—(*giving it to Mr. Everton*.) That letter hath done me more good than any thing I ever read in my life.

Rev. Mr. E.—(*reads*) Dear youth!—very expressive indeed—yes, yes, he must have been *divinely* taught. I trust the Lord, the spirit, has *regenerated* him, and made him “*a new creature in Christ Jesus*.”

Mr. W.—I don't quite understand the meaning of what you say, Sir, but I am very ignorant of the Bible. Will you be so well pleased to explain what you mean by “*regeneration*” and “*new creature*?” I never heard these expressions but *once* before, and that was one Sunday morning when our minister preached against the *Methodees* and *Decenters*. I was at that time quite pleased with the discourse, and *determined* I would never be like those people, for I made a little religion go a great way.

Rev. Mr. E.—Ah dear Sir, that is the case with *thousands* who do not reflect upon what they *hear* and *read*. The Bible tells us that all men are sinners—that the heart

is *deceitful* above all things and *desperately* wicked,—that we must *repent* and be *converted* by the grace of the HOLY SPIRIT, for, our Saviour says in his word, “Except a man be *born again* he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Now, all who truly repent and come to Jesus Christ, by *believing* on Him, have everlasting life. God, for Christ's sake pardons their sins; their *hearts* are changed; and where this takes place, a change is produced in the *conduct*, for, “*a good tree bringeth forth good fruit*.”

Mr. W.—But Sir, I have heard that St. Paul and St. James disagreed upon the subject of *good works*, and that while St. Paul stands up for salvation by *faith* in Jesus Christ, St. James declares, that we must be saved by our good works. I hope you will excuse my freedom.

Rev. Mr. E.—An apology is quite unnecessary: as the apostles wrote under the inspiration of the same DIVINE SPIRIT, they could not possibly disagree upon the important subject of a sinner's justification. St. Paul states in what way we are justified *before God*, namely, by the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and St. James shows, clearly, the *evidence* or *proof* of this, by our good works, which are the *effects* of a *justified* state. I will give you an instance. Mr. Sportive, a gentleman in this parish, was formerly wild and thoughtless; he kept open house for the gay and dissipated—the glass went briskly round, the most wanton songs were sung, and the most scandalous and impure toasts were given. I have heard that he had an assortment of infamous *prints* that were frequently exhibited to his guests, and that the *snuff-boxes* in common use among them were a scandal to *common decency*. This gentleman, by the blessing of God, was greatly affected with a sermon preached upon *the rich man and Lazarus*; he went home greatly affected, “*thought upon his ways*,” and turned his feet to the divine testimonies. His companions soon perceived the change; they endeavoured to *laugh* at his preciseness, and tried every attempt to regain him, but he was firm; the *prints* and *snuff-boxes* were destroyed, the play-books and cards consumed, for he would not let even the *children* use them as “*play things*,” nor keep them himself for *direction cards*; the *back-gammon-board* and *draught-board** shared the same fate. His music-master was not allowed to teach Mr. Sportive any more “*Vauxhall songs*,” nor favorite airs sung at Drurylane or Covent garden, &c.; the *dancing-master* was dis-

* Are professors of religion justified in retaining these things in their house as *parlour decorations*?

missed. *Family prayer* was set up, and all the children and domestics brought regularly to church. The change is indeed *wonderful*, and the common remark is—"Mr. Sportive is a *new creature*."

Mr. W.—I understand you well, Sir! I thank you *kindly* for the pains you have taken. I see that religion must first change the *heart*, and then it will be immediately *visible* in the *life* and *conversation*. This is what I want.

Rev. Mr. E.—It is a mercy to *feel* this. I hope you will earnestly pray for the blessing; and God has promised that your prayer shall be heard and answered.

After some further conversation, Mr. Everton rose to depart, but making a pause said, "If you have no objection, we will kneel down and offer up prayers for your son's recovery."

Mr. and Mrs. W——, O! do dear Sir,

The good minister prayed with much simplicity, affection and fervour; first for the sorrowful parents, "that God would teach them by his spirit, and bring them to the knowledge of himself; that their present trials might be sanctified, and terminate in their salvation, and in the glory of God; he then prayed for their child, and ardently entreated God to restore him, and make him a burning and shining light in his church and in the world; but if infinite wisdom had otherwise determined, then that God would be pleased to grant entire submission to his will."

Having taken an affectionate leave, Mr. and Mrs. Wilton sat, for some time, silent. "This gentleman's prayer, as well as his conversation, is very different from that to which we have been accustomed! how *fine* he prayed!—without any book—and yet how *ready* he was! I suppose he must have learnt it by heart." "It came from his *heart*, I do believe," added her husband, for "I am sure it went to *mine*."

But it is time to return to John Lumley—Tidings of the illness of Stephen Wilton reached them. It is impossible to conceive their grief on the occasion—John often lamented that he could not make a *proper* prayer to God Almighty, to restore his dear Master Stephen, "but," said he, "how can I expect Sally that the Great God will hearken to such a poor ignorant wicked creature as I be?"

After Mr. Wilton's departure, many and various reports were circulated through the village. One day it was affirmed that Stephen was *actually* dead! John and Sally were thrown into the greatest distress: "he is more to me, Sally, than all the relations"

said John, "except thee and the children: To-morrow is Saturday, and if thou be agreeable, I be minded to go to see old Maister, and know the truth about Mr. Stephen." I'll be no obstacle in the way, John," replied Sally—"dear young gentleman! I'd give all I have in this world, if I could save his life."

He accordingly set off and arrived in the evening. Having put his horse into the stable, he proceeded to the house, and desired the servant to say that John Lumley wished to *spake wi'* Maister Wilton. The farmer astonished at the message hastened down, and with much agitation, inquired if all was well at home? and, especially his daughter Grace? "Yes, yes Maister, thank the Lord, all's well there, and Miss Grace is quite brave, considering," but—"What? John!—What hast thou to say?"

"Why Maister I could not rest at home no longer without coming myself to know something for *sartin* about dear young Maister." "Do tell me if he be *living*?" "Yes! John, he's *living*—and that's all." "Thank the Lord for that rejoined John, while there's life, there's hope, and I hope the *danger* is all past." "Ah! John I don't know what to say about that—but don't y' stand here, John, come up stairs and see mistress—she will be glad to see thee."

"Oh! John Lumley said Mrs. Wilton, what a heavy affliction is this! but I hope the Lord will be merciful and restore my poor dear boy to us." "I hope he will, Mistress, God is all sufficient. I wish I could *pray* for him!"

John was informed of all the circumstances that had occurred—Stephen's letters—Mr. Everton's visit—his conversation and the "*beautiful*" prayer he had *put up*. Would you be so well pleased, Mistress, said he, to let me *see* Maister Stephen? Mrs. Wilton pointed at the door of his chamber—John took off his shoes, and followed her into the room—Stephen had just opened his eyes, after a long and refreshing sleep—Casting an expressive look on John, he smiled and waved his hand for him to come near—then faintly articulated, "Dear John!—I thought I should have been in heaven before this—Cannot talk much—Very weak—but happy—happy—John! you and Sally and Joe *we must be born again*.—Do not neglect your soul—Jesus is my Saviour—I am resting on the rock of ages.

"I, all on earth forsake
Its wisdom, fame and pow'r,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower."

As he pronounced the last words, he pressed John Lumley's hand—his countenance, the index of his mind, full of serenity and peace, expressive of that sweet tranquility which accompanies a sense of Divine forgiveness.

The bells ushered in the holy day of rest, that rest so grateful to the man of God, whose heart and whose hopes are in heaven. John Lumley eagerly desired the morning; the scene he had recently witnessed, the recital he had heard, the expressive countenance of his dear Stephen Wilton, all dwelt upon his mind, but above all, these words affected him, "*John and Sally and Joe, 'ye must be born again.'*" Convinced, more deeply than ever, that a *change* was absolutely necessary, and enlightened, in some degree, by the conversation of Mr. Everton, which had been related to him, he wished to know more, he longed for his young master's recovery, he determined to find out the church where Mr. Everton preached.

But his first duty was to inquire, how Stephen had passed the night? The answer that he had slept well, and appeared more composed, cheered his spirits, and educed the fervent gratitude of his heart—"Thank God Almighty," said he, and as the sentence escaped his lips, his heart bounded with joy. He signified to his master his intention of hearing Mr. Everton, "I'll go wi' thee John," said the farmer.

They entered the church and found the congregation assembled, although the chiming had not finished. The singing was solemn but animated, the people composed and attentive, the Sunday School children in the gallery neat and orderly, and the minister so earnest and unaffected, that John said to himself, "This is the place! these be happy people, sure!"

Mr. Everton was a *true* churchman, but no *bigot*, he did not disdain an *extempore* prayer before sermon, nor did he read sermons made by Dr. Trumpem, and others, nor *recite* his sermon *before* his auditory, no, what he delivered came *from his heart*, and it generally went *to the hearts* of the people: his *language* was *chaste* and *simple*, and such as could be understood by "the way-faring man."

Every thing in the church interested John Lumley and Farmer Wilton, but nothing more than the sermon upon the words "*If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.*" Having read his text, Mr. Everton looked around his listening auditory, and said, "My dear brethren, There are but few persons who know the value of religion, because they see not their need of

its blessings, the fancy they are righteous, because they are ignorant of the wickedness of their hearts, and the sinfulness of their conduct. They are the whole that have no need of a physician; they are the self-righteous who, in their own erroneous judgment, need no repentance—We are all condemned by the holy law of God. Without a divine change effected by the Holy Spirit of God, we cannot be admitted into Heaven. We must all be *new creatures* in Christ Jesus, "no we shall not participate the blessedness of the new heavens, and new earth, wherein dwelleth Right."

He then proceeded to explain the character, and remarked in it four properties, *life, light, sensation* and *action*. These he explained in language so simple, that the most humble individual could easily comprehend it.—John gazed with astonishment and often turned his tearful eyes to Farmer Wilton. The instant they left the church, "I have found it, I have found it—maister," said he, "What hast thee found, John?" "O, I have found it all out—That text that Joe read, *ye must be born again*—Yes, yes, maister, I *have* that *life* in Christ Jesus, and my eyes have been opened—and I *have* felt my sinfulness and misery—Lord help me to forsake my sins, and turn wholly unto God!"

Farmer Wilton scarcely replied, but his feelings were great. In his mind the doctrine dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew, carrying fertility to the very root. Pensive and serious he returned to Mrs. Wilton, who was sitting alone, reading *Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted*, which Henry Charlton had put into her hand.

There are many means of doing good. Even the loan of a book may, by the blessing of God, produce the conversion of a sinner. "*Blessed are they who sow beside all waters—In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which may prosper.*"

(To be concluded.)

SENECA INDIANS.

(Continued from page 217.)

Translations.

I began to write Indian soon after I came among this people. I have been of a slow speech in the Indian language. I have consulted men of education on the best manner of spelling Indian words: no arrangement of our alphabet will exactly give all the sounds. My present plan is to use as few letters as will, in the most natural construction, give the sounds. That I

have succeeded in a good measure, to me is obvious, because English readers, wholly ignorant of the tongue, will take our books and sing, and be well understood; (singing is the best criterion, because all the syllables are distinctly sounded) and children that can read monosyllables will readily learn to read the translations.

The matter most suitable to be translated, has been a subject of much discussion. I have heard a variety of opinions on the subject. Some say translate tracts, some catechisms, some one thing, some another. But I am persuaded that the Word of God is the first thing that ought to be translated, from the following reasons:—

1st. It is an authority to which Indians can appeal with confidence. Tracts and Catechisms have no authority, only what they derive from the word of God of which they are ignorant.

2d. It is safest drawing directly from the fountain, notwithstanding all the imperfections of the Indian language and the ignorance of interpreters. I apprehend it is much safer searching directly into the text, than into remote truths drawn from it.

3d. It has been the constant desire of the Indians to know simply the word of God.

Importance of Translations.

Every thing but the scriptures is fading. The best instructions are soon forgotten, and liable to be misunderstood and misrepresented; but the *word of the Lord* abideth. I have said many things to the Indians, and I trust some right things, which have been blessed to their good: but I should think more of being the instrument of giving them one chapter of the Bible, correctly translated, than the labours of fifty years, without their having any other knowledge of the scriptures, than what they could remember from my discourses.

Method of Translating.

First, to write from the mouth of the interpreter, so that I can read and be understood by the Indians; then read and explain every sentence with its connexion,—note what corrections may be suggested—read a second and third time, or more, noting all their corrections; until we are satisfied that we have arrived to the most perfect meaning the language will admit of. Sometimes the process is tedious. The 16th verse of the 4th chapter of the first epistle of John, took months before we could be satisfied with our rendering. We generally improve Sabbath mornings for these criticisms, when many are present. They are often the most useful and edify-

ing exercises of the day. The most intelligent and best speakers among the Senecas feel a deep interest in having it correct, and are ready to render all the assistance in their power.

Amount of Translations published.

Books of hymns, part of the 3d chapter of John, the Lord's prayer, &c.	
40 pages,	copies, 400
16 verses of Christ's sermon on the Mount,	200
First epistle of John,	400
16 pages of a Spelling book, not correct Seneca,	200
New Spelling book, 3 pages out,	400

The translations have been distributed and used in all the villages of the Senecas. The school Teacher at Allegany wrote me in January, that he had a school of 25 scholars who had gone through with all that he had received of the translations. The last 8 pages of the first epistle of John had not then been forwarded. The school in this place has not made use of our translations, but have attempted to teach them English, to the great discouragement of the scholars. A school reported two years ago to contain between 70 and 80 scholars, is now reduced to the bare walls, and does not deserve the name of a school.

Singing.

Soon after the Commencement of public exercises on the Sabbath, a number of young men manifested a desire to learn to sing. We encouraged them, and gave them every assistance in our power. We were soon surrounded with a company of men and women singers, possessing the most agreeable voices. We have met with them once a week to exercise in singing, for more than 2 years, with little interruption. Many of them have made good proficiency. More than 50 in this place are able to assist in this delightful part of worship. Indians have ever been in the habit of frequent social meetings. Singing furnishes them with an innocent and profitable opportunity—it cultivates friendship, improves and softens their manners, and stores their minds with important religious truths; and furnishes a powerful excitement to be able to read.

Help.

We are much indebted to the labours of Mr. Callender of Buffalo, for his persevering labours in instructing the Indians in singing. He has rarely been absent from our weekly singing meetings since they commenced;—he has made one tour to Tonawanta, and one to Catteraugus, and spent

several days in each village in assisting them in this delightful art.

Receipts and Expenditures.

Here I would solicit indulgence to be somewhat particular; the peculiarity of my situation seems to require it. It will be recollected that in the year 1818 I received no salary, but was supported by individual donations forwarded on to me. The donations of this year amounted to \$416.—Most of the donations accounted to 1818, did not arrive until the beginning of 1819, and was taken to redeem debts previously contracted. I paid out the same year, to promote the objects of the Mission,

For interpreting,	\$64 00
Mr. Callender,	25 00
Printing Seneca,	24 00—133 00

leaving for the support of my family and boarding the interpreter, \$283.

[Mr. Hyde here gives a particular statement of cash and articles of clothing, in addition to the foregoing, contributed by sundry persons in 1819 and 1820, amounting in all, by estimation, to \$115; and during the same period, he paid out for printing translations, to Mr. Salisbury, \$64.50; to Mr. Callender, \$39.48; for music-books distributed in all the villages, \$20; for labour on the meeting house and public bridge, \$21, with other incidental expenses, mounting in all, to \$167.86 cts.]

It must be obvious to all who have reflected on the subject, that this station must have been expensive on account of the exceeding high price of every necessary of life during the war, and the scarcity that succeeded for three years. A Missionary station at the head quarters of all Indian operations, must necessarily have much company—and hospitality is a trait in Indian character of which they glory. The missionary could not be behind them and maintain his character. The sick will require considerable attention and assistance; and much other unavoidable expense in relieving the needy. Besides the liberal and persevering support of the New-York Missionary Society, under circumstances the most discouraging, which demands the admiration of all who love the souls of the heathen, I have expended of my own property the following sums:—

A new waggon sold for	\$75
A span of horses and harness	100
Debts collected in 1817,	50
do. in 1818, \$251,	301—476

The stock I have now on hand consisting of two cows and calves, two Indian mares and colts, some swine and fowls, estimated to be worth in all \$107.—Together

with my salary to the first of July will pay my debts except my printer and book-seller. Fifty dollars the United Foreign Mission Society are to pay me to quit the Seneca Missionary ground immediately, I have to begin the world with. My family are tolerably well clothed for the summer—we have a month's provision, and more than that of meat.

I hope no vain display of my poor doings has influenced me to make this statement of my circumstances, but it appeared proper that my Christian friends should know that we had not grown rich in the service. I hope none will construe what I have said into an intimation that we thought our support too scanty. If I know my heart, it has been among my sorest trials that we were consuming the bounty of the church without any prospect of usefulness. I never drew on the society without painful emotions. And it has been my constant desire to save, that, if possible, I might reduce the amount of support. I hope the mention of the little sacrifice of property I have made, will by none be construed into an expression of regret that it is gone. For if I ever truly thank God for any thing, it is that he has counted me worthy to live among the Indians; and enabled me to dispose of any part of his bounty in promoting their benefit, and I trust that we do continually thank God that we go out so empty. My soul is satisfied with what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard of the begun deliverance of this people. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Neither would I arrogate to myself extraordinary benevolence, for I often doubt whether I possess a spark. A necessity was on me to do as I have done. It appears to me no person could have lived with this people as I have and done less. I trust I have been kept back from giving a shilling to buy the favour of any person. I feel it duty to record the faithfulness and loving kindness of the Lord. Although necessity has been laid upon us from every quarter to spend the last cent, yet we have wanted no good thing; and never have been without the means of relieving those that were in perishing need.

[Mr. Hyde has given a particular account of the distresses of this people in 1817, in consequence of the destruction of their corn by the frost the preceding year. The young and the healthy were obliged to remove with their families, and resort to hunting for a subsistence; and those who had cattle, sold them for

bread:—but there still remained 172 of the aged, the sick and the fatherless children. These were preserved through a tedious winter in a wonderful manner, by the charity of the neighbouring churches. Their bounty was dealt out in weekly rations by this faithful steward; and often, when the last morsel was expended, they were providentially supplied, so that none were left to perish.]

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[On account of the length of this communication, we are obliged to omit much useful instruction contained in the address, and confine ourselves to a few extracts, calculated to explain the cause of their separation, and shewing the strong attachment that subsisted between the teacher and his people.]

SENECA, June, 10, 1821.

Brothers—I have received a letter from the Missionary Society requiring me immediately to leave your ground. I purpose to obey. Before another Sabbath I shall probably be gone from among you. The day has come that you are no longer to consider me your teacher. I have not desired this day, nor have done any thing with an intention to hasten it. (I have done what I thought probably would bring this day. I am not sorry that I have done as I have.) If any of you, my brothers, have desired this day, and have tried to hasten it, you will rejoice in it: and you, who have not desired it, let not your hearts be troubled. God who orders all things well, hath ordered it so. If you love and trust him, he will not forsake you; though all men forsake you: and he hath promised that all things shall work together for good to those that love him. We are blind and know not what is best for us; if we are willing to be led and taught of God, he will surely teach and guide us right. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

But, my brothers, a more solemn day is approaching, when you and I must stand before the judgment bar of God; where I must give an account how I have lived among you, and what I have taught; and you must give an account how you have heard and obeyed. How solemn this great day! this day of Judgment!

After many solemn admonitions and warnings, Mr. Hyde proceeds:—

I have spent with you the strength of my days; from my 36th to the 46th year of my life. I feel, brothers, I have much to be hum-

bled and ashamed of before God. I have been with you in much weakness, and many temptations. Many difficulties were in the way. We were strangers to each other's language. I could not let you know but little of my mind; and you could not know whether I was a friend or an enemy in disguise. The war took place the year after I came. This was a time of confusion and distress; little could be done. After the war you were visited with scarcity for several years, and I with feeble health. In looking back on the years that I have been with you, most of them seem to be lost. But the rule of judgment is according to that which a man hath. If God saw in my heart a desire to serve you, and promote his glory, he will accept it, though the way was shut up. If God saw in your hearts a desire for instruction, he will accept it; though you could not attain to it. We all have much cause for humility during those years; yet we ought not to overlook the goodness and mercy of the Lord. He saw that it was best that you should have opportunity to become acquainted with me, and that I should learn more particularly your ways, and feel more sensibly that no arm but His could deliver. In looking back upon those years that seem to have been lost, I see that it was needful that it should be so; though they were years of trouble to me, years of sore temptation. My wick of life was burning out; the bounty of Christians consuming, and nothing accomplished, while the enemy was mocking. These trials of mind often affected my bodily health. The evil of my heart gave the edge to all my troubles. I now see that all this was needful, and that God all the time was dealing in tender mercy. He took his own way to shew me what a poor thing I was; and that it was his work to save. Oh! that we all might remember that we are nothing, and can do nothing, and that God is all in all.

For two years and 10 months a brighter day has shown upon us; light hath broken in upon you, and comfort hath come into my heart. This is the Lord's doings, let us be glad and rejoice in him. We have had fightings from within and without, but the Lord hath sustained us.

In looking back upon his labours with this people, Mr. Hyde observes:—

Most of all I sorrow that I leave with you so little of the Word of God in your language; and that you, my young friends, have not made greater proficiency in reading it. But, my Brothers, I think more of the little which I do leave with you, than of all my other labours. What I have said to you

will soon be forgotten; but the word of the Lord abideth forever.

Dear Christian friends and benefactors, let not your hearts be troubled at any thing in this communication, for all is well with us—all is well with the Senecas. The ark is safe. Your Brother in the bonds of Christian affection,

JABEZ B. HYDE.

Seneca Village, June 21, 1821.

We have been obliged to omit many interesting things in the foregoing communication, on account of its length. We regret particularly the omission of the principal part of the address to the Indians, as several extra copies were requested for distribution among them. But the duty we owe our numerous readers, many of whom may not be particularly interested in the local concerns of the Senecas, is our apology.

Enough has been published to satisfy the Christian public that their confidence in Mr. Hyde has never been abused. God has acknowledged and blessed his faithful labours among the Senecas in an extensive and very extraordinary manner; and we may well say, what hath God wrought?

It appears from Mr. Hyde's statement that he is now discharged from the mission. He says it is an event that he has not desired; but he has not told us the cause of his dismissal, nor uttered a word of complaint. We state from the best authority that there is not a shadow of complaint against the integrity or Christian character of Mr. Hyde, and we are satisfied that those who have discharged the man who of all others ought to have been retained as the tried and confidential friend of the Senecas, have acted from mistaken views, or have been influenced by wrong information.

OSAGE UNION MISSION.

From the Am. Missionary Register.

The Superintendent to the Domestic Secretary.

POST OF ARKANSAS, June 18, 1821.

Dear Sir—I expect to set out this evening on my return to Union. I go by land, and expect to occupy about twelve days in passing through the wilderness. By coming to this place, I have saved one hundred dollars in the freight of our supplies, and have made arrangements which will in fu-

ture relieve our circumstances at that far distant Station. My passage here has cost me nothing; but on my return, I must be at some expense for a horse and a pilot, as it is not safe for a stranger to traverse the forests alone.

The Missionary life is attended with labour, fatigue, and great concern of mind; but it is for Christ, and, therefore, it is pleasant.

The Treasurer of the Female Missionary and Education Society of Georgetown, District of Columbia, has sent on to us Thirty Dollars to be appropriated to the education of an Osage boy, who is to be named *Robert Monroe*. The Society is pledged to pay this sum annually.

Doctor Palmer to his Brother.

UNION, March 18, 1820.

My dear Brother.—I have but a few moments to write. Six Indians are now here from the Indian town, and are going immediately down to Fort Smith; an opportunity that seldom offers at present, on account of the hostilities existing between the two tribes.

Through the mercy of God, we are all safely here at last. We arrived about the middle of February, and found some of the Brethren sick and unable to labour. We found only one cabin to accommodate us all. The other cabins which the Brethren had been building were not finished, on account of bad weather and ill health. In about two weeks after our arrival, we succeeded in finishing them, so far as to move into them. There are five in number. One of them we took for a warehouse, and the other four to live in. We are now tolerably well accommodated. It was with much pleasure I first set my feet on this shore. The soil I find superior perhaps to any I have before seen. The place chosen is a fine prairie containing eight hundred or one thousand acres of land, fringed around by woods.—On one side flows Grand River, a rapid stream, and navigable part of the year. In this country are to be found in considerable abundance wild horses, buffaloes, elk, bear, wolves, deer, panthers, swan, geese, ducks, turkies and honey. About a mile distant, is a salt spring which will be wrought this season. Soon after we arrived, some of the Indians came, as they said, to shake hands with us. We found them equal to our expectations in every respect, a noble race of people. In this introduction, we agreed, at their request, to hold a council with them at their town, within ten days. At the appointed time, I was one of the four, who went over to the council. In passing that

distance, about 25 miles, we found the land a continued level, and rich prairie. When we came in sight of the town, we had one of the grandest prospects I ever beheld. To a great extent around the town, the land appears almost perfectly level. On one side runs the Vermillion river. At two or three miles distance from the town, there are several mounds rising directly from a perfect plain to the height of about two hundred feet. All the mounds appear to rise just to the same height, and as level at the top as the adjacent plains. The one nearest the town has about three acres on the top, and is accessible only in one or two places.

As we approached the town, the head Chief came out to meet us, and bid us welcome. In a short time we were surrounded by hundreds apparently happy to see us. The chief took us to his lodge. In walking through the town we were continually annoyed by a host of surly, snarling dogs, who were not accustomed to the dress and appearance of the whites. The dress of the Indians consists of buckskin dressed, made into leggins, reaching to the hips; on their feet mockasons; and a buffalo robe or blanket about their shoulders. They shave off their hair close to their heads, except a line about half an inch wide, running round the head. The hair thus left is cut about an inch long; within this line of hair they fasten an ornament. Their ears are slit in several places, and filled with strings of beads. In addition to these, they have many other kinds of ornaments about their arms and legs.

Their houses are made of poles, arched from fifteen to twenty feet covered by matting made of flags. At the sides they set up rived plank, lining the inside with neatly made flag matting. They build several fires in the lodge, according to its size, or the number of wives the owner has. For a fire-place, they dig a hole about as large as a bushel-basket, leaving the smoke to ascend through a hole in the roof. Around the fire they spread their mats to sit or eat.

Having entered the lodge, and had our horses turned out, we took a humble seat around the fire. Presently there was brought to us a wooden bowl, filled with food made of corn. In a short time we were invited to eat at another lodge, and before we had finished at another, and another. In the same manner we were treated, during all the time we remained in the village. It is impossible to give you any idea of their cooking. It was so strange, as well as new, and withal they were so filthy, that I believe

if I were to live with them, I should have a dangerous seasoning.

Hereafter I will give you some account of their religious exercises. In the morning the head Chief called his people together for a council, in which with a poor interpreter, we explained, as well as we could, the several letters to them from the Government, the Society, and individuals. In as much as they understood us, they were much pleased. They answered us only in expressions of gladness—saying they would freely send their children as soon as they should be able to settle the war with the Cherokees. Alas! what thick darkness covers their minds! would to God, that the Sun of Righteousness might rise in his glory, and dispel these clouds of night!

We are now very busy. The weather is beginning to be warm. The grass and herbs are springing up. The health of the family is improving, though I should not be surprised, were we to have some sickness this spring.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

From the Christian Watchman.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Elisha Andrews to his friend in Boston, dated

PLATTSBURGH, Aug. 7, 1821.

My dear friend and brother—In compliance with your request, I write to inform you of the success of my mission. I do it the more willingly, because I know it will make your heart glad. When I first came to this place, in obedience to the directions of the Board,* last year, the friends of Zion were weak, they were few in number, they were languishing & discouraged; their harps were upon the willows, and their enemies were triumphant. Infidelity and immorality paraded the streets of this village without a blush, the Sabbath was awfully profaned, and comparatively very few were willing to attend the worship of God in public, and fewer still thought of worshipping Him in the domestic circle. When I was here, last winter, I entertained hopes, I could hardly tell why, that the Lord was about to display his grace in this place. My hopes were, however, very languid when I left here last spring. Now I can only wonder and admire the goodness of God. I had been gone about two weeks, when the work of reformation became visible, and it still continues. There are prayer meetings and conferences every evening; and

* Board of the Bap. Missionary Society of Mass.

these meetings are crowded, solemn and interesting.

Some of the most respectable people in the county are the subjects of this work; and it is truly delightful to see men of talents, influence, education and respectability, submitting to the humbling doctrines of the cross. It is delightful, not because their souls are more precious than the souls of the poor and illiterate, but because it is a display of the power of God; and because we have reason to hope that God will make them eminently useful in his cause.

Last Lord's day I baptized three precious disciples; and as the standard of Gospel baptism is erected, I have no doubt, if the Lord delight in us, he will bring more to rally around it. As for disputes, I avoid them entirely, and refer those who consult me to the sacred Scriptures to learn their duty. If all ministers and christians would do this, there would be less strife and contention, and we should not have to lament that revivals of religion terminate in heat and animosity.

I am not able at present to ascertain exactly the number which have been the subjects of this work; but I think it is considerable, and I see no reason to think the work is declining. In the towns that I passed through in the western part of the state of Vermont, the Lord is doing wonders. Pittsford, Carlton, Hubbardton, Sudbury, Orwell, Whiting, Cornwall, Middlebury, New-Haven, and Hinesburgh, and some other towns, are now enjoying a precious shower of divine influence. In one of these, I was informed at a conference meeting, that it was proposed those who desired the prayers of God's children should arise. Eighty young persons simultaneously arose as an expression of that desire.

In another town where the meeting house was occupied half of the time by a Baptist preacher, and the other half by a Universalist, the latter, after the reformation began, had but eight hearers in the morning, and half of them forsook him in the afternoon; universalism always thrives best in the dark; it shrinks from the clear light of divine truth, and flies appalled from the society of animated devotion.

RELIGION AMONGST SEAMEN.

From the Evangelical Intelligencer.

Extracts from the Report of the Missionary to the Female Domestic Missionary Society of Charleston, (S. C.) made at their annual meeting in May, 1821.

There have been two objects, as you well know, which have been leading ones

in your operations. The Seamen, and the Poor of the city. Service for the seamen had been held at the Sail Loft once every Sabbath, and for a considerable time twice—the meeting has been generally well attended, and sometimes crowded. Whenever due pains have been taken, we have had a full house. From the fact that seamen are in port but a few days, results the necessity of giving weekly notice that service will be performed at the Sail Loft. Whenever this has been done, it has always been attended with a large increase of members. This has been done, however, occasionally, by some gentlemen—and they will find their reward. It would be superfluous to say any thing of the conduct of seamen while in the place of worship, had not the public at large very erroneous conceptions of their character. They have generally been thought by most, hardly capable of conducting with proper decorum in the house of worship, and with many, a congregation of sailors was but another name for a house of confusion. But this is not the character of seamen: far from it.

Though I have preached for nearly six months to this people, seldom, if ever, has there been the least disturbance in the place where we have assembled; never have I been distressed with the whisper of the idle and inattentive, never have I seen the laugh on the countenance of the sailor in our house of prayer:—would to God I could say as much of other places where I am called to preach the gospel.

The seamen's house of worship has been a solemn place, all were listeners, all were attentive; and often when *that* God, who holds the waters in his hand, has lifted up his voice, and said in mild language to the sailor, "why will ye die?" he has felt the kind admonition and melted into tears.—Yes, dear friends, that man who has been nurtured amid storms, and cradled by tempests, has a soul which kindness unlocks, and which tenderness causes to bleed. Say unto him, as I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in your death, and you touch more sympathies in the bosom of a sailor than in the most delicate of our species.

Let them see that you love them, and you win them in unbroken friendship.—There has been too much occasion given, respected friends, for a remark which one made to me, "men think sailors are dogs, and treat us so."* I entered their cabin, and where there was, when first going

* A humiliating fact, illustrative of the above remark, is well worthy of record in this place, particularly on its obvious tendency to rebut

down, oaths of profaneness, it soon became the place of religious conversation, and many interesting remarks were made on each side. I opened a Bible, which one took from his chest. All were silent; and while I read them a chapter from the book of Romans, they listened till I had told through my story, then bade me an affectionate farewell. I went upon deck, satisfied that they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and that the world knew not what a sailor was.

True, I have, since preaching here, found instances which much distressed me;—drunken sleepers gave me, through my sermon, the most painful sensations; but (mark me) these *were not* sailors. But enough of their character. The Marine Hospital has been a place where I spent considerable time, and often preached to them on the Sabbath, distributed to them nearly 40 Bibles from the Marine Bible Society. In every instance they were received with much gratitude and thankfulness, and often with emotions of deep feeling for such a gift. "Yes," said one, "I wish for a Bible, for I have not had one for 15 years." In the Marine Hospital I found those who were in a situation much needing the consolations of the gospel; here were the lame, the maimed, the diseased,

the objection that has been made by some against the erection of a place of worship, in this city, for the special benefit of seamen. The objection is this, that, in the places of worship already erected, there is sufficient room for as many seamen, as there is reason to believe, would ever be disposed to attend. The fact which stares the maker of the objection in the face is this:—Two captains of vessels, who were afterwards, on enquiry, ascertained to be, the one a professing Christian, the other a seriously disposed character, found their way into a pew in a gallery of one of the churches in the city. The pew was unoccupied. Scarcely had these men seated themselves, before they discovered that they were intruders. Some gentlemen in a neighboring pew, dispatched a servant to inform the stranger, that they could not sit there. They left the gallery, the church and the *Christian* assembly, and we hope for the honour of the church and the city, that these ill-treated men will be so forbearing as "not to tell it in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon." And till our Christian community can "learn what that meaneth"—"If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment: and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor man stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool"—it is to be hoped, no objection will be made against providing for these "dogs" a spiritual kennel of their own.

and dying; and they always appeared thankful for the attentions of your missionary. Here too, I found that same nobleness of feeling which characterizes this class of our fellow men, which often led me to reflect, that were I to trust my life to any class of men in community, it should be to seamen. Among all to whom I presented a Bible, I found none who could not read—proof against the common impression that seamen are an ignorant class of men. From the intercourse which I have had with them, I am led to believe they are as intelligent as an equal body of the community among us.

Instances of seriousness were found among them. One, to whom I gave a Bible, a fine young man, asked me for a tract. I gave him the *Warning Voice*.—He took it, cast his eye upon it, and exclaimed, "Ah! this is what I want. I have been a great sinner, I fear too great to be forgiven. I sometimes think God will never forgive me; my parents educated me religiously, and my mother, (mark this, ye mothers,) my mother, said he, (for he had not forgotten it) used to speak much to me of my soul. Ah, thought I, happy mother! you knew not that your kind admonitions would follow your son over the seas, and that he would sit and tell a stranger what his mother had said to him. I conversed with him and left him, promising to see him soon—called two days after, and found that he was gone.—My heart bled not to find him there;—he had taken his Bible and his tract and gone to sea. I followed him in imagination over life's short rough passage.—I said, I shall meet thee again, dear brother, in the heaven above.

Much might be done for this class of our fellow men, if any society would make it their care to establish for seamen boarding-houses, such as were worthy of human nature. A seaman comes into port, and he is driven by his ignorance into a place where every thing like virtue is banished—no wonder he falls a victim.—Let a house be opened for seamen where all the feelings of virtue are respected, and there would be enough to shun the other. Let an individual be found in every port, who would keep a house where immoralities of every kind should be excluded, and you may rest satisfied that you would find virtuous sailors. This ought and can be done; there are Christians enough in every port to enter into this object, and to carry it into effect. Do this here and elsewhere, and you might every Saturday night go into such houses and find

(See 4th and 5th reports.) Ye followers of Christ, I know not how this fact may strike your ears, but to me it sounds like a funeral knell.

AN INFANT PREACHER.

A gentleman in Vermont, of respectable standing in society, who had lived to middle age without religion and without family prayers, was accosted one day by his little son, not quite 7 years old, in the following affecting manner:—

"Papa, you have taught me to pray, morning and evening, and now I want to *know if you ever pray?*" The father being convicted of his failure in this duty, and perfectly astonished at this unexpected question, was for a moment at a loss what reply to make. At length recollecting that he had sometimes attempted to pray in secret, replied, "I hope I have my son, sometimes endeavoured to pray that you might be a good boy, and that I might also be enabled to do my duty. The child immediately replied, "Well Papa, Mr. —, and Mr. —, pray in their families, and sometimes when they have been here, you have invited them to pray? Is it wicked Pa?—O no my child, all good people and especially those who are Christians pray, and it is right they should." "Well Papa, if it is right *they* should, pray why is it not right that you should?" "I suppose it would be my son, if my heart was right." "Well papa, was my sister and I ever baptized?" "No!" says the father, (sighing with a heavy heart at these unexpected inquiries,) "No, you are neither of you baptized."—"Why not, Papa, I have seen several little children baptized when I have been at meeting. Is it wicked Papa, to baptize children?" "O no my son, I do not conceive it to be wicked, but I cannot get you baptized." "Why not Papa?" "Because I do not belong to the church." "Why do you not belong to the church, Pa—is it wicked?" "O no my son, nothing I suppose debars me but my own wicked heart." "Well Pa, if it is right you should, why will you not belong to the Church and so get sister and me baptized.

These solemn enquiries were directed by the Holy Spirit to the conviction and conversion of the father, who soon commenced family prayer, and is now a distinguished and active member of the Church.

SENECA INDIANS

Our readers will doubtless peruse, with much satisfaction, the statement contained in this and the preceding No. of the Religious Intelligencer, from Mr. J. B. Hyde, respecting the progress of the Gospel among the Seneca Indians. We once made an appeal to the benevolent, in behalf of Mr. Hyde and his Mission. The call was promptly answered by many generous donations, which enabled him to persevere in his labours among them,—and the effects are too manifest to need comment. We now, unsolicited, make a second appeal in behalf of Mr. Hyde.

This faithful Missionary, whose name (to use the language of one who is well acquainted with what he has done) ought to stand with Elliot and Brainerd; after devoting ten years of the best part of his life to the cause of the mission, and expending about \$500 of his own property, is now out of employ, at the age of 46, with a wife and five children; he has to begin the world anew destitute of the means of support. The Editor will again volunteer his services to convey to Mr. Hyde any money, or articles of clothing, which may be contributed for his relief.

As an encouraging beginning the Rev. Dr. Morse of this city, has generously contributed \$10.

The Rev. NATHAN PERKINS, D. D. has been constituted a life member of the Connecticut Education Society, by the payment of \$20 presented by the Female Cent Society of West Hartford.

NOTICES.

The annual meeting of the Education Society will be held at the Court House in New-Haven, at 5 o'clock P. M. Sept. 11th. A sermon will be preached before the Society on the same evening at 7 o'clock in the north Church, and a contribution for the Society will be taken up.

N. W. TAYLOR, Sec.

The meeting of the Directors of the Domestic Missionary Society of Conn. will be held at New-Haven, Sept. 11th at 2 o'clock P. M.

N. W. TAYLOR, Sec.

The interesting account, published at page 200, of the extraordinary conversion of Mr. A. B. Goldsmith, written by himself, is published in the form of a tract, and for sale at this office.

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